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A

SUMMER VOYAGE

TO THE

GULPH of *VENICE*,

IN THE

SOUTHWELL FRIGATE,

Captain *MANLY*, Junr. COMMANDER.

AN

IRREGULAR ODE.

The First POETICAL PRESENT ever made by the Author to the Right Honourable the E— of C——D.

LONDON:

Printed for LLOYD, *well known for obliging the Public with the Freſheſt, and moſt Authentic* Ship News; *and Sold by* A. MORE, *near* St. Paul's, *and at the Pamphlet Shops in* London *and* Weſtminſter. MDCCL.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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A

SUMMER VOYAGE, &c.

I.

WELLCOME ye Zephyrs from your Southern Shores!
That give new Warmth and Vigour to the Blood,
And of old Age unlock the frozen Pores;
See, bluſtring *Boreas*, Tyrant of the Air,
By your all genial Influence ſubdu'd:
So oft the gentle Accents of the Fair
Have had the ſoftning Pow'r t'aſſuage
The dire Reſolve of many a Tyrant's Rage.

II.

My grateful Vows Oh take, ye gracious Pow'rs!
For the ſweet Gift of ſmiling Days and Hours.

No threatning Storms, no Sky is over-caſt;
Boreas has ta'en his farewell, keeneſt Blaſt:
With fervid Pow'r does *Phœbus* ſhine,
Triumphant in the *Summer* Sign;
And weary now of Town, the Nymphs and Swains,
Are hying to the verdant Plains,
T'enjoy their variegated Scenes;
Their flow'ry Sweets,
Their beauteous Proſpects, and their bleſt Retreats;
The pleaſing Eccho of the Dale,
And ſprightly Song of Lark, and Philomel:
While ſome again are on the Wing,
To take ſalubrious Draught of *Min'ral* Spring,
And that declining Health recruit,
They loſt in Pleaſure's riotous Purſuit.

III.

Say *Ch——d*, my noble Friend,
How, how the lovely Seaſon wilt thou ſpend?

Of the gay Party wilt thou be,
With Thouſands I cou'd name, and me?
Hale and ſound,
Juſt on the Point of *breaking Ground*,
To the fam'd Gulph of *Venice* am I bound:
A Voyage you have often ta'en,
And oft, I truſt, you will again.

IV.

Courage, my *S——e*, be of Cheer!
The charming Courſe together let us ſteer!
The tedious, and inactive Part,
When a dull Calm
Excites a Qualm,
Thy Wit and Humour ſhall a Zeſt impart:
Mean while, t'encline thee to my Suit,
Shall I need provoke thee to't?
Need I to thy Mind recall
The delicious Riſe and Fall?

How

How tranſporting is each Motion
On that moſt delightful Ocean?
And where every gentle Roul
Makes it's ſweet Paſſage to the very Soul.

V.

Some Navigators, not unknown,
Nor to your Lordſhip, nor the Town,
Lo! their big Anchors are about to weigh,
And haſtier ſome, already put to Sea;
While others, thro' Diſguſt, or Fear, or Pain,
Or Want of Skill, or other Cauſe refrain,
And ne'er will croſs, I fear, the Gulph again.
And firſt, ſee Capt. *K——g*, that teſty good old Tar
Going on Board the *N——b* Ship of War;
Her Yards all ſet, the Wind abaft,
Freſh blowing right before the Maſt;
But ah! with me the mortifying Change lament!
Provoking, un-expected, dire Event!

Juſt as he's about to ſail,
Sudden, alas! it dyes away, the Gale.
The luckleſs Voyage for that Time is o'er,
And rumping all he meets he ſwearing goes aſhore.

VI.

By far more fortunate, lo! Captain *P——e*,
A gallant Sailor ev'ry Inch,
High up the Gulph unlading his rich Freight,
In the *P——a*, German built, a fine Firſt-rate,
After a proſp'rous Voyage in full Trade,
Save running foul upon the Poop
Of a delightful *ſharp-ſtern'd* Sloop,
Bearing white Colours at her top-maſt Head,
Whoſe Name almoſt I have forgot;
On ſecond Thoughts, the *M——x*, I wot.

VII.

Next in the Gulph behind him far away,
Lab'ring the Deep, a ſtern, ſcarce half Mid-Sea,

See Capt. *D——e*, Pilot far leſs renown'd,
Who cannot box the Compaſs round,
Nor long can ſtand the Quarter-Deck,
But, like freſh-water Sailor, ſoon grows wond'rous ſick.
The Journal ſays, ſome Time in May,
He took Departure from fam'd *D——s* Bay;
And, tho' agreed on evr'y Hand,
Unequal to the great Command,
By Int'reſt made the clumſy Commodore
Of a ſtrong Squadron *(damn'd Ill-mann'd)* of four;
All with their Reefs, according to ſtrict Charge,
Ta'en-in full two,
As ſtill they are oblig'd to do,
If but a Ship goes e'er ſo *ſmall* too large.

VIII.

Lo! the fam'd Tar that compaſs'd erſt the World,
Side the *Y——k* Galley, with her Sails all furl'd!

Methinks

Methinks I hear her worn-out Captain ſay,
Alas! it is too late i'th' Day
To launch afreſh on that once darling Sea!
With ſullen Accent, and with envious Eyes,
Let others fathom it he cries:
With me the Itch of voyaging is lay'd:
How promiſing ſoe'er the Gale,
How pleaſant and ſerene ſoe'er,
An Inch of Sail
I cannot ſpread,
n that or any other Hemiſphere:
or ever doom'd to coaſt it along Shore,
Vithout a Hope to found the Harbour more.

IX.

he noble Captain *H——y* next appears,
th a ſtrong Gale upon his Side he ſteers,
The gallant Cruiſer, in full Chace

Of

Of the *A——b* Sloop, with little popping Head,
Launch'd from a *German* Dock 'tis ſaid.
High on each Wave ſhe dances to the Gale,
Bearing a Broom her Top, as if for Sale:
Now Gunnil too the eager Captain lies,
In hopes to gain upon the envy'd Prize;
Nor can it yet be ſaid with what Succeſs:
But the next Letters coming from that Coaſt,
Perhaps may ſpeak her, whether won, or loſt.

X.

Lo! the facetious Captain *B——s* too,
Wou'd you believe it? in a ſailing Cue.
It ſeems, my Lord, with us he'd fain
Make one to buſk it on that pleaſant Main;
But tho' I much admire the Droll,
And ſet him down a merry Soul;
Yet here his Company I muſt oppoſe,
For ſingular, and weighty Cauſe,

As you ſhall hear; leſt he ſhou'd prove
Another *Hercules*, high Son of *Jove*,
Who, ſailing with the *Argonauts* of old,
From good Authority we're told,
Was look'd upon by all the reſt,
A troubleſome and dang'rous Gueſt,
From whoſe too bulky, cumb'rous Weight,
They'd oft been well nigh over-ſet,
And the poor Ship from his unweildy Size,
In frequent Peril never more to riſe.

XI.

Ah! ſee yon *Fly-boat*, Sailor prime of yore,
The *P*——*y* erſt, caſt on a foreign Shore!
By her ignoble Captain left alas!
To float a helpleſs, undirected Maſs
On the *French* Coaſt, Conſortleſs, all alone,
Her Pilot, Mainmaſt, and her Rudder gone,

The cruel Sport of each insulting Wave,
There to be wreck'd, and find perhaps a Grave;
Unless some pitying, and advent'rous Tar,
Belonging to a *Gallic* Ship of War,
Shou'd boldly board, and let her once again
Enjoy the Pleasures of the Gulphic Main.

XII.

See too another Frigate on the Strand!
The mastless *L——l*, all unrigg'd, and mann'd:
In melancholly Plight,
A pity-moving Sight!
From Head to Stern, and long her Waist,
Finish'd with most consummate Taste:
A lovely Sailor, but now Weather-bound,
And by her brutal Captain run a-ground;
Who that detests not the foul Cause assign'd?
Unsailor-like, what *Fiend* cou'd move his Mind
To want the *Bowsprit*, that shou'd *go before*, *Behind*?

XIII.

XIII.

Next ſee the *B——d*, laden all ſo rich,
A lofty Ship, that's apt to pitch,
And to poop a Sea behind
In a boiſt'rous Gale of Wind;
Nor does ſhe, as they ſay, bring-to
But with very much ado.
And lo! the Seas run mountain-high,
Her Stern aſcending to the Sky!
he Storm encreaſes, and it blows ſo hard,
Away they go her ev'ry Yard;
Her Lading over-board ſhe flings,
d next alas! her Mainmaſt too ſhe ſprings.

XIV.

graceful *P——m*, ſee under Way,
The Wind N. W. a bowling Sea,

A ſweet built Ship, with Bottom ſtout;
Her Maſts ſo taper, and ſo tall,
And her Port-holes all ſo ſmall;
Boldly ſhe ev'ry Reef lets out,
Spreads to the Gale
Her ev'ry Sail,
While that her able Steerſman at the Compaſs ſtands,
Graſping the long and ample Tiller in his Hands.

XV.

Long had the *P——t* Frigate been from Sea,
And her Commander to the Worms a Prey;
By a more ſmiling Turn now doom'd no more
To lye a uſeleſs mouldring Thing aſhore;
A Wag preſents, that in her Hold will lade,
And bravely carry on a ſmuggling Trade:
F——t his fam'd Name — as Scandal's Legends tell,
Tho' a ſmall Dealer, nor quite out of Debt,
He was made *Supercargo* of her Freight,

With ample Privilege to buy and ſell,
Or to break Bulk, where'er, and when
Occaſion offer'd for his Gain.
Some much his Sailor-ſhip commend,
Others from good Authority pretend,
As if her Mate ſhould ſlyly ſay, by far,
He makes a better *Mimic* than a *Tar*.
Howe'er that be, or weak in Skill, or ſtrong,
Certain he did not traffic with her long,
E'er prompted by his truly generous Mind,
He to another the Command reſign'd,
Tho' not without a good, and weighty Fee,
Previous pay'd-down, by way of Courteſy.
Now on their Voyage they have been ſome Time,
Steering their Courſe to that delicious Clime:
He a Fair-weather Sailor, ſhe a foul,
That's built for Squalls, and apt to pitch and rowl.

XVI.

The *V*——*e* lo! the next in View,
A Ship of note, ſuperbly built and new:
By a right noble Hand rigg'd out for Sea:
Before the Wind how proud ſhe ſkims away!
Making a goodly, gallant Shew;
Her Stay and Main-ſail white as driven Snow;
Taking in all the Wind the Heav'ns do blow;
But cannot ſay what Knots ſhe goes an Hour;
Nor how much Cable aſks her beſtmoſt Bower,
All all between Decks too how ſweet and clean!
And 'cording to the beſt Accounts,
Upon each Wave ſo light ſhe mounts,
You'd ſwear ſhe cut a Caper on the Main.
Her Chief, they ſay, bleſs'd with the ſweet Command,
Proves not ſo *active* quite by *Sea*, as *Land*;
Not that he wants, to give him his juſt Due,
The Art of managing the Ship and Crew:

A *ſharp Look-out* he never fails to keep,
Nor when he ſhould be waking falls a-ſleep:
With ſuch a cautious Pilot who will ſay,
She's ever likely to be caſt away?

XVII.

See next the *W——n* too under Sail,
With what they call a merry Gale!
A goodly Ship to outward Shew,
But moſt conſumed Leaky all below;
Where all around is chill and cold,
A Foot of Water in her Hold,
Or very nigh:
Which makes Inſurance on her curſed High.
Her Pumps agoing ſhe is forc'd to keep,
Which gives her Crew but little Time to ſleep,
Beſides ſubjecting them to Cramps
Ariſing from th'unwholeſome neighb'ring Damps:

And

And I have heard from other Ships,
Her Cable too she often slips.
I wish the noble Captain safe and sound
To the intended Haven where he's bound.

XVIII.

Next see the *M*——*n*, once a Ship of force,
But grown thro' frequent Voyages the worse:
Her batter'd Bottom many an op'ning Seam
Displays itself a-cross her splinter'd Beam:
By fickle Turns a Pirate and Corsair,
And then again a *French*-built Privateer:
She that had been commanded heretofore
By many a Young, and Lordly Commodore,
By Time, the cruel Humbler of the Vain,
With the proud and haughty Train,
See now by all deserted, saving One:
He feeble too,
As good as none,

Whoſe tott'ring Limbs can ſcarce their Functions do;
How do I pity the poor Ship and Him!
Scarce able ſhe alas a Day to ſwim;
And he, when boarding her at a Spring Tide,
Scarce able to crawl up her crazy Side.

XIX.

Behold at Anchor with what ſtately Pride
A numerous Fleet of other Frigates ride!
With ev'ry Sail unfurl'd and ſpread,
In gallant Trim from Stern to Head:
How their Flags and Streamers fly,
Moſt bewitching to the Eye!
Wanton bounding, as to ſay,
If you'll board me come away!

XX.

At the reſiſtleſs Summons all on Fire,
Who is't that breathes not fierce Deſire?

With thee I chuſe to ſail, thrice fav'rite Name!
The *charming S——l*, Frigate of *bright* Fame!
Conſtructed with uncommon Art,
Proportion'd juſt in ev'ry Part:
Ne'er was ſeen from Stem to Stern,
One of ſuch a beauteous Turn:
How majeſtic under way!
Exact the Helm, and Needle's Point ſhe does obey.
Agreed by all a Sailor prime,
As ever plough'd the Deep in any Clime:
With her *Bottom* all ſo white!
And her *Midſhips* all ſo *tight*!
With her *Cockpit* all ſo *neat*!
And her *Round-Houſe* ſo *compleat*!
With her blazing Flag ſo red,
Flying at her top-maſt Head!
Her Bill of Lading, or Invoyce,
Conſiſts of *Items* few but Choice:

Firſt here and there a *precious Stone*,
Set to a *Gun-like* kind of *Bone*,
With divers Hogſheads of a fine
Nectareous Juice, when ſqueez'd divine,
The Spirit and the Quinteſſence
Of all that's raviſhing to Senſe,
With ſev'ral Tuns of Ling and Hair,
The whole, invaluable Ware.
To thee my Body I commit,
To be convey'd where thou think'ſt fit.
And by the Pow'rs ſupream I vow
Eternal Conſtancy to You!
As long as you can ſwim the Sea
Your faithful Captain I will be,
Nor for *Peru* at other Ports will touch,
Portugueſe, or *Spaniſh*, *French*, or *Dutch*.
Then boldly bent upon my Fate,
Let me take Departure ſtrait:

What Cheer my Hearts of Gold? Hollo!
See, from *Long-reach* I weigh, and go.

XXI.

Thou *Venus*, Goddeſs all divine,
Sprung from the vaſt Abyſs of Brine,
Do thou protect me with thy ſaving Hand,
From the ſunken Rock, or Sand!
Thaught no *Fire-ſhip* let me come!
Nor the *Stink-pot*, nor the *Bomb*!
Like a Veſſel launch'd with Soap,
Let me gliding paſs the *Hope!*
Down the *Channel* let me ſail
With a briſk, and proſp'rous Gale!
Riſing, Falling, let Me bound
Gently thro' *The Bay* profound!
At the *Streight's* Mouth, and in the *Gut*,
Ever open, never ſhut,

Which no Voyager can ſhun,
With the Current glibly run!
nd when at laſt the long-wiſh'd Gulph I reach,
ole *Block and Block* along the charming Beach,
That's noted for a fertile Soil,
Producing all with pleaſing Toil,
ere in delightful Safety let me moor,
nd veer-out all the Cable in my Pow'r;
Nor be too haſty to depart,
t there indulge the utmoſt Wiſhes of my Heart.

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FINIS.

This belongs to George Coffeehouse

Temple Bar

London